

Ugly Truth

by KikoTehEevee

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Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug

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Summary: Years have passed and now the students are in grade 12. Over this course of time, Chloé has become more aggressive in her bullying. Marinette is still her main target. She has fallen victim to huge self-esteem issues and a crippling depression. Adrien discovers this when it's nearly too late.

Ugly Truth

****A/N oh look, another fanfic, after still not having completed Regret, Rescue, and Return.****

>I'm getting back into the Danganronpa fandom, so I will finish it sometime soon (I hope)

****For now, I've been having the idea of a depressed!Marinette, and it's really been intriguing me, so I wrote this trash.**

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The past few years at Lycée had slowly become more torturous. Marinette was in the twelfth grade now, still designing, and still head over heels for Adrien Agreste. It wouldn't sound like it's become that bad, but Chloé has changed immensely.

She used to simply call Marinette names every so often, always having that "holier-than-thou" attitude. However, throughout the past years, Chloé's approaches at bullying Marinette became much more aggressive. She would threaten Marinette, call her terrible insults, and even occasionally spit on her.

Marinette would stand up to her at first, but ever since Chloé proved her wrong one time, she began second-guessing herself. Before long, she had become more and more self-deprecating, slowly believing Chloé's words. Her self-esteem plummeted.

Since Lila joined the school, she's decided to join Chloë's little "gang" of Sabrina and Chloë herself. Lying only got her so far, and after Ladybug revealed her lies in front of Adrien, she's been bitter since. She wasn't as bad as Chloë, no, she was a lot less intense, but she still caused a lot of damage.

They seemed to be aiming at anyone who tried to take Adrien, and Marinette was their main target since they figured out her crush on him years ago.

Speaking of Adrien, Marinette's just felt guilty. She felt she was unworthy of such a kind and handsome and just such an amazing guy. She couldn't bring herself to talk to him much anymore, afraid of stumbling over her words or causing him to despise her. It seemed so many people already did anyways. She felt she was wasting his time as well whenever she had his attention. So she started observing from a distance.

And then there was the other half of her inner turmoil: living up to Ladybug's image. She enjoyed being Ladybug, sure, but recently she's come to despise transforming into the red-clad heroine. Everyone praised her for being so brave, so amazing, so graceful, so beautiful. Marinette was none of that. She was shy, clumsy, less than average. And it hurt. It hurt to hear people praising Ladybug so much, to hear Alya obsessing over the spotted hero, to hear Chat Noir flirting when she didn't deserve any of it. She was none of the things she was adored as. Ladybug was like a diamond and Marinette was just an insignificant piece of dust.

All these things were taking a large toll on her, and she could only cope with so much. She had begun by expressing her feelings through her diary, sometimes talking to Tikki about it, but when she was extremely distraught, she began resorting to more drastic techniques. Much more drastic techniques.

She had begun cutting almost a year ago now. She would only cut her left wrist, however, knowing Alya would notice her right wrist since she still sits next to her in class, and she could only deal with pain in one arm until the cuts scar over without seeming suspicious. She'd wear more long sleeve shirts to help cover them up anyways. Lately, however, she's been more frequent with her self-harm, cutting deeper or more than usual, feeling she deserved the pain for being such a filthy creature. She was drawing closer to her breaking point everyday.

Which was why she was doing what she was now: sitting at her desk, writing letters to specific people. She had already finished ones for Alya, her mother, her father, and Chat Noir. She was currently working on the letter to Tikki. She couldn't bring herself to write one to Adrien; she didn't want to pain him. Not that he really noticed me anyway... a bitter voice in her mind said.

>She tried not to cry, she really did, but the tears wouldn't stop spilling down her cheeks, falling daintily from her chin, and staining the paper. She clenched her teeth so as to make no noise, since it was the middle of the night and Tikki was fast asleep in her loft bed. She wouldn't dare awake her. She couldn't face her. Not like this.<p>

So she wrote her thoughts on the paper. She asked for forgiveness

through pen and ink.

As she finished the last sentence, she shakily stood up from her seat. She turned off the desk lamp, engulfing the room in darkness, and made her way up through the trapdoor heading outside. As she stepped out, she noticed the rain pouring down from above, glinting in the light of the Parisian streetlamps.

>She made a quick pace to her destination. She had planned this out in her head months ago, but had chosen tonight to go through with it. Climbing on to the roof, she carefully traversed, jumping over gaps every so often. Her time as Ladybug has helped her gain a sense of stability when she focused. The rain soaked through her clothes and she walked hastily with her hands gripping her arms against the cold. She didn't care that she didn't bring a jacket.<p>

She wouldn't be cold for long anyways.

It took a while before she stopped, having had to walk due to the wet tile of the rooftops. She stood still for a few moments, feeling tears rise in her eyes, rain splattering on and drenching her loose hair.

Memories of her experiences with Alya and Chat Noir flashed through her mind. She shut her eyes and curled her fingers into fists as tears travelled down her face, mingling with the raindrops. She couldn't think of them now. She wouldn't be able to handle it. The memories faded, replaced by the insults and chants that began ringing in her head, that began ringing long ago, drowning out any thoughts of reason she may have. She was so sick of it all.

She opened her eyes and began edging closer to the ledge. It was around a six floor drop.

Good... she thought acrimoniously.

She felt her feet against the edge, and she stared down at the pavement below her.

It looked so welcoming.

She clenched her fists tighter, taking a deep breath. "I'm sorry..." she whispered, before leaning her weight over the edge.

The wind rushed past her body as she began falling. She kept her eyes shut tight, preparing for the crippling pain that was to surge through her the moment she met the pavement.

She never hit the ground.

****A/N Should I write more? I'm really enjoying musing this idea
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****Let me know! I'd love to have feedback!****

End
file.